Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

BEL. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ; Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks[7].

CYM. No tidings of him ?

*Pis** He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

CYM. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[To BELMIUS, GKIDERIUS, and AKPIRAGUS+ By whom, I grant, she lives: *Tis now the time To ask of whence you are :—report it.

BEL. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen: Further to boast, were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

CYM. Bow your knees :
Arise, my knights o* the battle [8]; I create you Companions to our person, and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

7— one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.] To promise " nothing but *poor* looks/' may be, £ to give no promise of courageous behaviour/
JOHNSON, So, in King Richard IT. :
" To *look so poorly,* and to speak so fair."
STEEVENS.

8 —knights o' the battle;] Thus, in Slowe's Chronicle, p. 164, edit. 1615 : " Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *knight of the Jidde"* STEEVENS.